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The World, Upside Down



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Chapter 1 by JM

I woke up this morning in a strange bed, in a strange room, in an apartment building that was also strange. The city was familiar, but only by name and by the layout of its streets. Every shop, every house, every park was different, too.

Even I was different.

Chapter 2 by -



Different. Yes, in every way conceivable. But somehow even when I looked in the mirror, I *knew* that person was me.

Even with the neon green spiked hair. Even with the black leather jacket. Even with the freaking rad skateboard shoes. Even though I was living in someone else's body... That person was *still* me.

Instead of Marilyn Monroe and Audrey Hepburn plastered all over my room, there was Elvis Presley, Ringo Starr, and Michael Jackson. Instead of the stand for my violin, there was a metallic blue electric guitar. Instead of my writing table in the corner, there was a Xbox.

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